SOME OTHER DAY. Of all the words that grown folks say, The saddest are these: "Some other day." easily, carelessly, often said, it to childish ears they are words of drea-hope a knell, and to wish a doom,

The years flit by, and wishes fade.
The youth in the grave of age is laid.
And the child who bent his youthful will is a child no more, but is waiting still.
For the pleasure deferred, the left-out go Though it come at last, is never the same; The bubble has died on the mantling cup, The draught is dull as we drink it up; And old hopes laugh at us as we say; "At last it has come, that 'other day.'"

Ah! little hearts which beat and fret Against the bounds by patience set, Yours is but universal fate. And the old as the young all have to walt. You will learn like us to be stout in pain, And not to cry when your wishes prove vain and the strength that grows from a thwarter will. y will,
it that service is done by standing still,
it to bravely look up into Heaven, and sa
ball find it all there, 'Some other day.'

—Susan Coolidge, in S. S. Times.

A GREAT FIND.

### The Result of Prof. MacDougal's Trip to the Country.

As a scientist, Prof. MacDougal stood high. He left Yale at twenty-one, went through Giessen afterward, and concluded by a course of study in the School of Mines in Paris. He was recognized abroad and at home as a man of profound learning, and at the early age of thirty was made Professor of Natural Science at Barneville College. He came of a race of scientific notables. His grandfather, a Scotsman, had been Professor at Glasgow. His father, who came to this country, and married, and | bull settled here, though he never taught, was most distinguished, and Prof. Roderick bade fair to surpass his predecess-

ors in scientific renown.

But the close pursuit of knowledge has its penalty. The first Commencement-day found the Professor quite broken up. Nearly six feet high, and with muscles to fit, he had been the crack oarsman at Yale, and at the head of the first class of the Turn Verein at Giessen. Now he had grown lean, weak and listless. His colleagues viewed his state with alarm. One of them, also a skillful physician, gave him a prescription. "Mac," he said, 'you have worked wonders for us during the to the country. Get away from books entirely. You have three months of vacation. Use it up by absence from ink of all kinds, or you will be used

The Professor thought on it. " ought to devote the vacation to my treatise on the Gryllidæ," he said. "But perhaps you are right. Up in Mountain County, there is a gneiss formation, permeated by veins of coarse granite that must be rich in minerals. It has been little explored, and I may make a great find there, and get a specimen or so that I shall be proud to show to my friends.

So the professor bought a coarse gray suit, packed his valise, added a leathern sachel and belt, with hammer, chisel and blow-pipe, and started for Mountain County. On the cars he fell in with an old friend, who happened to know all about his place of destination. He was told to get off at Firwood Station, where he would find a stage-coach to take him to Rockborough, the co--, own. The inns there were excerable, and he was advised to seek boarding in a farm-

"Can you recommend one?" asked the professor.
"They are about the same kind," was

the reply, "clean, coarse, and with no chamber window that will let down from the top. The natives have a hor-ror of letting foul air out or fresh air in. There is one exception: old Squire Martyns has a nice house, and lives His maiden sister is his house well. His maiden sister is his house-keeper. He has a very pretty daughter; but she is off at boarding-school. The Squire takes boarders only now and then—he is rich—and only for com-pany. If he likes you, and his sister should like you, he'll let you stay. He lives three miles east of Rockborough, and any one can pilot you."
"Thank you. I'll try him."

"I must tell you, however," resumed s informant, "that the Squire is a character. He is a fairly educated man, and as you say you are mineralhunting, he can help you, for he has a collection, and knows the localities. But he'll accost you in the vernacular of the region, and keep it up until he gets to know you.'

Thus it was that one afternoon early in July Prof. Roderick MacDougal was carried in a hired wagon from Rock-borough to Martyns' Nest, as the farm was called. The farm-house, standing upon rising ground a short distance from the high-road, was half hidden by wistarias and creepers that draped the wide veranda, and climbed the brick walls to the eaves of the gambrel roof. There was an attempt at a lawn, with beds of gay-colored flowers. The place looked comfortable and home-like. The man who sat on the veranda, with his chair tilted back, his shirt-collar unbuttoned and a cob pipe in his mouth, looked at home, too. Why not? He was the owner. He brought his chair forward and arose as the Professor came up the steps.
"Squire Martyns, I presume," said

the Professor, blandly. That's what they call me. Is it book or lightnin'-rod?'

"Neither," replied the Professor, smiling. "My name is MacDougal, and I have been advised to try the hill air for a time. I called to request you to accommodate me with board for a few

May I ask what you do for a

lege."You ain't one of them snake-catch-

ers an' bug-hunters?"

"I know something about reptiles and insects, but I expect to amuse myself by collecting the minerals and plants of the region."

"Stuns, ch! There 'ain't been a stunhunter in these parts not sense the time.

of the dollar of the care of the dollar of the Jollylogical Survey, an' there's right smart of queer stuns here yet. Plants, ch! That would suit my Hetty, if she was to home, for she's got lots of 'em upstairs in books.—Lucy Ann!' A tall, neatly dressed old lady came to the door and said: "Well?"

an we make room for a stun-Ann surveyed the Professor.

smiled at the scrutiny, and then "There's plenty of room; but if gentleman be hunting minerals all be a nice pair to clutter us up."

was evident that there was somebody about who could cook. Scientist as he was, the Professor liked to eat. But is not good cookery the sum of science?

The next morning early the Professor with a similar request.

erystals, and you can pick and choose from them at your leisure."

full and his pockets crammed. After Professor felt an uncomfortable sensa-that he went alone and explored the tion, for which he could not account, neighborhood thoroughly.

A week passed on, and the Professor the green.

heard of a quarry lifteen miles off, 'Squire looking on.
which abounded in kyanite and black "Ever do anything of this kind?" tourmaline. So he walked there, to be asked Martyns. absent for two days.

pected, and he started to walk back next day. About noon he was within a and soon went back to the barn. Hetty mile of Martyns' Nest, and crossed a was not on the floor. She was still field to cut short a turn in the road, seated, with Jotham at her side. He dinary motions, when a vicious-looking bull pranced around from the other side of the stack. The Professor got back agair. He comprehended the sit- the cry arose: untion

"Keep where you are," he cried, "until I drive the bull off!" It was superfluous advice, and surpose not easily carried out. He w stones at the bull; but he was not to be diverted from his object. The an-imal would prance forward, bellow and

then resume guard over the stack.

Then a bright idea struck the Professor. Linen handkerchiefs are inconvenient for travelers, and for minerale

It was of a bright red. He drew it from his pocket. He waved it frantically.

The bull saw it and made a dash for he offensive thing.
"Run, young lady!" cried the Professor from the safe side of his fence.

The girl ran, and got safely over the fence on the other side. As in duty bound the Professor went around, leaving the bull to his chagrin, and joining the girl, inquired if she were

"Not at all, sir," she answered, "but very much obliged to you for your assistance."

She seemed to be going the same way with himself, so the Professor, who, though not "a marrying man," as the saying goes, was gallant, entered into conversation with her. They drifted from the weather and the scenery into books and current events, and he was assonished to find how much the bright little lady knew. Who could she be? Some visitor, doubtless. Though plainly dressed she had the air and manner that showed her not of the type of the neigh-borhood. He began to skirmish to find out, when she broke into a light rippling

laugh.
"I beg your pardon, sir," she said,
"I beg your pardon, von You are Prof. MacDougal, are you not?"

He nodded assent still more mystified. "We used your work on botany as a text-book at St. Sebastian's; but you'll excuse me for saying that I always thought you to be an old gentleman. I only got home from school, last evening, and I was returning from a visit to a neighbor when that cross bull made me climb the hay stack I am Hestor."

Ike to be a member of Congress?"
"I think not," said the Professor. have no taste for politics. Why?"
"Because if you'll settle down here and flail half a dozen bullies, as you have Jotham Jones, you'll go in by a large majority."

It was evident that MacDougal's limb the hay stack. I am Hester Martyns.

had employed to trick the bull.

was the champion athlete of that section, and would outjump, outlift, and outwrestle any one in those parts. Lord of many acres and herds of kine, he had great confidence in himself, and swag-gered around out-of-doors. That night ie sat almost tongue-tied, using little more than monosyllables. The Promore than monosyllables. The Pro-fessor, though he did not know that fessor, though he did not know that Jotham had known Hetty since she was a child, and always admired her, concluded that it was a case of courting, and so discreetly left the room, and went to his chamber, where he labeled and packed his specimens. The Squire, however, remained, which was a sure sign that he did not regard the suitor with special favor.

From that time forth Jotham came

From that time forth Jotham came quite often. The Professor, who saw a great deal of Hetty, and who, having turned his attention to plants, got from her the location of choice varieties, took a special interest in the result of this face bowed in her hands, on some siege. "I have a pity for Hetty," he said to himself. "She is really a charm-

change to a Prince. It is no business of mine, but I hate to see it." Jotham glared at the Professor when they met, and spoke of him among his associates as a "stone-cracker" and a "crank"—the last word being always applied by fools to any one they think to possess brains. The lover did not let his hate for the stranger interfere with his siege of the maiden. At all the picnics and rural festivities he followed Hetty like her shadow. She gave no tokens of dislike at this, and every one, even the Professor, thought it.

one, even the Professor, thought it would eventually be a match. Why not? Jotham was even richer than the Squire. There was nothing between the farms but a narrow patch of land, which was in the market. That bought by either, and the combined Jones and Martyns places would cover near two thousand acres of the best land in the

pleasantly on the nostrils. From the windows he had a fine view of mist-covered ridges in the distance, over a long stretch of undulating valley, dotted with fields of grain, patches of woodland, farm houses and out-buildings, and herds of kine grazing in their pastures. When supper time came he found the comforts of the inner man would be well cared for. Whether Miss Lusy Ann Martyns or the plump hired girl who brought in the dishes and waited on the table were the cook, it was evident that there was somebody about who could cook. Scientist as he felt it his duty to ask the daughter of

The next morning early the Professor arose and brought down his belt and sachel, prepared for an exploring expedition. To his delight he found his host overhauling a similar equipment.

"You sha'n't have the best things without sharing," said the Squire. "I shall give you my time for to-day, and after that you can paddle your own cance. You won't find any corundum, which used to be abundant. I bagged all that long ago, and made a pretty penny out of it. But you'll not lack specimens. I saved a lot of duplicate crystals, and you can pick and choose

When Jotham's turn came the Professor watched in turn, and when it was They made a day of it, and the Pro-fessor came home at night with his sack bent over her and talking earnestly, the and went and joined the young men on the green. There he found the old

ibsent for two days.

It did not turn out as well as he exected, and he started to walk back

"Sometimes in my under-graduate days," said the Professor.

But he took no interest in their sport,

when he heard a female voice crying for help. He looked up and saw a young and pretty girl mounted on the top of a hay-stack, and making frantic

"I would like to take that fellow

signals for assistance. He got over the down a peg," said the Professor, vi-fence to see the cause of these extraorjoined the Squire. He stood irresolute-ly, and made vague and inapt replies to his companion's remarks. Suddenly "Here comes Jones! Now you'll see

jumping! Jotham dashed in among them ex-citedly, looked at the heel marks of the others, and took off his coat. He was very much agitated. But seeing the

Professor, he gave him a savage look, and going to the starting-point, made a great leap, and landed a foot farther than any of the rest.

"There!" he said; "I'd like to see any dude stone-cracker beat that."

This days allowed on the Professor gists in particular, for they are bad for use as sacks when sachel and pockets are full. He had provided himself with stout silken bandanas, and had one in the Squire. Then he jumped fully eighteen inches farther than Jotham. The latter did not like the storm of ap-plause which greeted the feat. He de-termined to show his supremacy in an-

other way. So he said, in an offensive "You're good at the jump, Stone-cracker. How are you at the rassle?" Squire Martyns frowned, but before e could utter a rebuke, the Professor replied, quietly:

"I did not come into the mountains to show myself off, Mr. Jones; but as this is a gathering of neighbors, I have no objection to trying a friendly fall with you. Only, as I am out of pracice, you must be light on me."

Thus saying, the Professor divested himself of waistcoat and cravat. Thecrowd eagerly formed a ring, and the two antagonists facing, each other. Jotham lowering and malicious, and the other calm and indifferent. A few feints and they locked. Jotham was thick-set and sturdy; the other supple as an eel. A struggle, and then—so quickly that no one could see how it was done—the two went down together, Jotham on the broad of his back and the Professor

"Professor, said the squire, as they walked toward the barn, "would you like to be a member of Congress?"
"I think not," said the Professor. I have no taste for politics. Why?"

"Because if you'll settle down here, and flail half a dozen bullies, as you It was evident that MacDougal's

strength was restored, and his appearance showed him to be in good health The acquaintance thus made, the two but his spirits were depressed. During grew quite familiar by the time they reached the Nest, where Hetty told of the adventure, and the Professor declared he would put the bandana in lavender as a souvenir of the method he lavender as a souvenir of the method he met was shy.
"She resents the humiliation of her

That evening there was a visitor at lover," he thought. "And yet there Martyns' Nest. Mr. Jotham Jones, a is nothing in common between them. wealthy young farmer of the neighborhood, made his appearance. Jotham was the champion athlete of that section, be helped."

She is beauty, grace, animation and in telligence; and he— Well, it can not be helped."

The day of parting came. The professor bade good-bye to the Squire and his sister, and was invited to pay them another visit. "I have charged a price this time. It is my way to avoid an influx of strangers. But when you come, you come as my welcome guest. We all like you."

"Thank you. The liking is mutual. Where is Miss Hetty?" "She went over to Joyce's."

"Bid her good-bye for me. My valise has gone on to Rockborough, and I shall walk over." And, with a renewed hand-shaking, the Professor

He soon came to the fence where he loose hay by the stack.
"Why, Miss Hetty!" said the Pro-

ing girl and fit for any position in life; but it will end by her marrying this coarse clod. It is a case of Beauty and the Beast, but the Beast is not apt to the tears on her cheeks.

change to a Prince. It is no business of mine, but I hate to see it."

The more he saw of Jotham the less he liked Hetty's prospects. And then he began to discover by unmistakeable signs that Jotham did not like him. Jotham glared at the Professor when they met, and spoke of him among his

flush spread over face and neck.

The Professor came home jubilant.

Every one noticed how well he looked.

He displayed the contents of his boxes to his colleagues.

"Very good specimens indeed," said Dr. Brainard, "but not such a great find."

"There is something finer than these but it is behind in Mountain County I'll have it here at the beginning of the

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Henry Villard is now living quietly The City of Mexico more or less supports eighteen daily newspapers. —Miss Gabrielle Greeley, youngest daughter of Horace Greeley, is quite successful as an artist.

Judson W. Lyons, colored, has been admitted to the bar at Augusta, Ga. He is the third colored man thus admitted in that city since the war. -The legend of the Wandering Jew

was brought to Europe from the East late in the eleventh century, after the first crusade under Peter the Hermit. -Stilson Hutchins, editor of the Washington Post, has been elected to the New Hampshire Legislature from Laconia, in that State, where he has a summer residence.

—The Presidents' wives now living are Mrs. Polk at Nashville, Mrs. John Tyler at Richmond, Mrs. Grant in New Jersey, Mrs. Hayes in Fremont and Mrs. Garfield in Cleveland. Of these the widows, Mrs. Polk, Mrs Tyler and Mrs. Garfield, draw from the Government pensions of \$5,000 a year each-N. Z. Mail.

-Postmaster-General Frank Hatton has a bright, pretty little wife, whose delicate health has kept her out of the thickest whirl of society during the high season, but who has a great circle of friends in Washington. Mrs. Hatton and Mrs. Robert Lincoln were school girls together in Iowa during their girl-hood, and after both of them moved to Washington their long friendship be-came the closer and the two families are much together.—Chicago Journal.
—It is said that Burns' famous song.

"Comin' Through the Rye," did not have reference to a rye-field, but to the small river Rye, in Ayrshire, which could be forded. In wading over, however, the lassies had to hold up their petticoats, and it was a favorite pastime for Bobbie Burns and mischievous com-panions to lie in wait for the lasses "comin' through the Rye." When they got in midstream the "laddies" would wade out and snatch a kiss from the "lassies," who were unable to resist without dropping their clothes in the water.

-Universal education has turned loose upon the civilized world about a hundred thousand poets, essayists, dramatists and play-writers. There is no demand for more than twenty-five thousand. It is probable that there are now a thousand dramas in the act of being planned by young writers. Plots, situations are being sought for in history and in imagination. Operas are being planned by an immense number of students of thorough bass; while an army of new sopranos, tenors and bassos are putting themselves in order for some operetta by Prof. Kankle or Prof. Jenkinson.—Prof. David Swing, in Weekly Magazine ..

### HUMOROUS.

—A little boy was recently sent by express from Boston to Pittsburgh. Little children, however, can't be too careful how they express themselves. The fly that in July stung you on the end of your nose seventy times in a minute at meal-time is now anxious to

a man and a brother. -A will is registered in Waynesburg, Pa., which contains the following clause: "I also give to my beloved wife one red cow, one three-year old colt, and the remainder of the kitchen and household furniture.

—"Is salt necessary?" queries an agricultural writer. Well, it is no use to ask the hired girl this question. Sometimes she thinks it is and sometimes she thinks it isn't. Anyway, she always differs from the views of those who have to eat the victuals .- Richland Courier-Gazette.

the broad of his back and the Professor uppermost. The latter sprang to his feet, but Jotham lay there for a minute incapable of motion. When he arose he was in no condition to renew the contest.

"Professor" said the Source as they 'round. That woman is always taking an unfair advantage of me."—Boston Transcript.

-A member of the rhetorical class in —A memoer of the rhetorical class in a certain college had just finished his declamation, when the professor said:
"Mr. —, do you suppose a General would address his soldiers in the manner you spoke that piece?" "Yes, sir, I do," was the reply, "if he was half scared to death and as nervous as a cert." cat." - Washington Hatchet

- What makes your horse slow?" asked a tourist one day in the Glen of the Downs, Ireland, of his Celtie Jehu. "It is one of the collection of th Jehu. "It is out of rispect to the bayutiful sanery, yer honor; he wants ye to see it all. And, thin, he's an intelligent baste, and appreciates good company, and wants to kape the like o' ye in beloved ould Ireland as long as he

-The plumber alighted from his carriage and followed his card into the parlor. "What's wrong?" he asked. "The gas leaks," replied the master of the house humbly. The plumber turned on his heel. "You'll have to send to the gas company about that," he said; "I don't know anything about gas. If the pipes should spring a leak let me know." And he was gone before the master of the house noticed his bill for twenty-five dollars lying on the piano.

-Burtington Hawkeys.
-Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" sold for forty pounds, and the publisher held the manuscript unprinted until the author had become famous as a poet. Poets who have sent their effusions to this office and failed to see their effusions in print, will now know what's the matter. We have adopted the plan sions in print, will now know what's the matter. We have adopted the plan of the publisher who purchased the "Vicar," save in the trifling matter of paying in advance. We may have to hold their manuscripts two or three hundred years, but they should not let that discourage them.—Norristown Her-

# A Unanimous Verdict.

The honest old merchant was in a towering rage when the unhappy salesman who had sold three yards of eight cent calico for twenty-two cents was

hauled before him.
"You are stupid!" said the upright old merchant.
"So my teachers used to say," mouned the unhappy salesman.
"You haven't half sense!" snarled the

upright merchant. "That's what my friends tell me," mourned the wretched man.
"You are a foo!" howled the upright

merchant.

'Just what my wife says,' sighed the unhappy salesman; and they cast him into outer darkness and made him pull nails out of old packing boxes down in the cellar, and pound them straight, all that afternoon.—Detreit Post.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

-Lunch or tea-napkins (fringed) may have appropriate sentiments em-

-A gardener advises trapping ants with bones upon which some meat has been left, and dipping occasionally in hot water. For "slugs and wireworms" he used pieces of potato or carworms be used pieces of potato or carworms be used pieces of potato or carworms.

to young calves, but for adult stock 100 pounds of cotton-seed meal to 800 pounds of corn-meal or other ground food is a fair proportion.—Boston Budget. -A writer in the Pacific Rural Pres finds that by gently patting a balky horse in order to quiet him, then taking a firm hold of one of his ears and pulling

-Cotton-seed meal should not be fee

appear -Many farmers are complaining that —Many farmers are complaining that there is little money for their labor at present low prices. But they do not estimate as they should the certainty that their labor will give them a comfortable living. Time was when farmergrew and made nearly all the substantials of life they required. If necessary they can come to this again, and they are the producers who can easiest get on on this basis.—N. Y. Herald.

Veal. Consents Chemical and the count says that music is mentioned just 165 times in the Old Testament.—Chicago Herald.

San Francisco, Cal.—The Chronicle publishes in substance the following marvel. Captain W. F. Swassy, the eldest ploneer of the coast, makes a statement of the

it, all trouble with the animal will dis-

Veal Croquetts: Chop the veal fine mix half a cup of sweet milk with about a teaspoonful of flour. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg, and stir the flour and milk in it: then let it come to a boil. Mix this thoroughly with the meat; form it in balls or flat cakes; lay on a platter; scatter a little pepper and salt over it, and let it stand till morn-ing. Then beat one egg very light; add a little milk; dip the meat-balls in the egg, and then in the cracker crumbs. Fry till brown in hot lard.—The House-

-A wholesome jelly may be made of -A wholesome jelly may be made of three cups of sugar, one pint of sweet cider, the juice of two lemons and grated peel of one. Soak one package of gelatine in a cup of cold water for an hour, then add one quart of boiling water, with a saltspoonful of cinnamon, and stir until the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Now add the cider, sugar and lemon, mixing all well together, and lemon, mixing all well together, and strain through a jelly-bag into molds wet with cold water. - N. Y. Post

-The little grass-fed summer calf that is out in the back lot should be lassoed and brought in and begin to receive some extra food aside from the frost-bitten grass. There is no use in trying to raise good stock without pay-ing some attention to the rules of care and feeding. The best breeds of stock will soon degenerate into scrubs if the care is not vastly improved over that accorded to the native stock. The average farmer needs to study feeding is an art before he attempts breeding for profit.-Prairie Farmer

# TREES AND PLANTS.

How to Properly Protect Them and Ir

While the majority of our small fruits and trees are perfectly hardy and will withstand well the rigors of a Northern winter, protection of some kind will repay for all the labor it involves. Our crawl under the blankets and call you readers may say: "Oh! it is too much trouble to cover our plants. They have done well enough in the past without protection, and doubtless will in the future." Is it too much trouble to add dollars to your income? Do you, read er, consider it unnecessary to sew up that hole in your pocket, because you lost but ten cents? It seems to us that perfection, rather than mediocrity, is as great a desideratum in fruit culture as in other pursuits. At all events you will lose nothing by protecting your plants, and may gain a great deal

Strawberry plants abould have some light manure scattered between the row and the whole lightly covered with cornstalks, straw or leaves. Under this protection they will grow their winter leaves rapidly and more abundantly, and come out in the spring fresh, green and healthy, prepared to make a vigorous start. Purther, it is a well-known fact that well-cared for plants are less liable

that well-cared for plants are less hable to disease and the attacks of insects than the neglected ones.

Raspberries and blackberries should have all the dead-wood cut out and—if not already done—the canes should be cut back within six inches of the ground for blackberries and red raspberries. It is our custom to cut close to the ground

black raspberries, and consider it the best plan to follow. Another plan is to bend to the ground the raspberry canes and cover them with earth sufficient in quantity to hold the canes down. In either case, build a mound of earth a foot high around the base of the plant.

Cut out the dead wood from currants and gooseberries and shorten the new growth of canes at least one-half their length. An admirable plan is to tie the canes of each bush together about the middle, thus preventing snow from accumulating on them and break-ing them down. Heap up the earth and coal ashes around the base as a further protection.

Grape-vines should be trimmed b

ween November and March, while the vine is dormant. Protect in winter by earth around the base, as directed for earth around the base, as directed for other plants. All trees, shrubbery, etc., if young, should at least have the protection of earth heaped around them. Rose bushes are best protected by a covering of straw, wrapped loosely around the bush and tied, leaving an opening at the lon through which the opening at the top through which the air may come, and the plant have a free

air may come, and the plant have a free circulation of air.

These directions, though brief, will, if followed, bring good results. Try this winter protection of plants, and the increased vitality of your trees and plants, together with the additional yield of fruit, will convince you that you have been fully recompensed for the trouble.

N. Y. Independent.

# BONES.

What They Consist of, and Their Value a Bones consist, when fresh, of 631 per

cent. of mineral matter, (of which 55 per cent. (of the bone) is phosphate of lime); 811 per cent. of organic matter, chiefly gelatine and fat, and 5 per cent. of water. The organic matter contains 81 per cent. of nitrogen; the mineral matter contains from 20 to 251 per cent, matter contains from 20 to 25½ per cent, of phosphoric acid, and 30 to 35 per cent. of lime. The phosphoric acid and the nitrogen are the valuable elements, the former being worth, at 6 cents a pound, \$1.50, and the latter, at 25 cents a pound, \$7 cents; 100 pounds of bone, then, in a condition to be available would be worth \$2.37. But bones when whole are only slowly soluble in the soil. In moist soil they will decay and wholly disappear only in so many years which smiled at the scrutiny, and then said. There's plenty of room; but if this gentleman be hunting minerals there il be a nice pair to clutter us up. "And with a laugh have retreated. "Approved by the higher powers."

"Approved by the higher powers."

"Stig down and scress of the best land in the brought you over? I see now: John Addins. John, bring in the Professor a conviction that the brought you over? I see now: John Addins. John, bring in the Professor a conviction that the matrix is thingt. Sit down and rest yourself. There will be no difficulty about terms, it time."

The Professor soon found that his informant had been right. He had come to the best place. He was assigned a near and pleasant chamber opening upon a flower garden, at one end of which were several hives of bees, which made a pleasant humming, while the matry was not a man to slight the potors from bed of fragrant herbs smote."

The matrix is the market. That bought, "There is somettling finer than these, but it is behind in Mountain County. There is somettling finer than these, but it is behind in Mountain County. There is somettling finer than these, but it is behind in Mountain County. There is somettling finer than these, but it is behind in Mountain County. There is somettling finer than these, but it is behind in Mountain County. There is somettling finer than these, but it is behind in Mountain County. There is somettling finer than these, but it is behind in Mountain County. There is somettling finer than these, but it is behind in Mountain County. There is somettling finer than these, but it is behind in Mountain County. The huse is been and a great favorite with the it is necessary to reduce them use the favorite with the neighbors reduce them use their that it is necessary to reduce them use the favorite with the its necessary to reduce them use the favorite with the its necessary to reduce them use the favorite with the its necessary to reduce them use them use there is being that it is necessary to reduce them use that it is Raiding the Bakers.

The police in parts of England are just now making raids upon bakers and taking legal proceedings in cases where bread has been sold deficient in weight There is a wide-spread feeling that profits of bakers are unusually high. It was urged in behalf of fifteen bakers who had been convicted and fined at Bath, either for selling bread short in Bath, either for selling bread short in weight or delivering bread from a cart without proper scales and weights, that that the loss of the purchaser was not over one-sixteenth of a penny where the pound of bread was short by an ounce. But it was justly contended that while this loss to a purchaser was trivial, it was important to the baker, inasmuch as it represented the gain of a penny. as it represented the gain of a penny upon every four four-pound loaves that were sold.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

the count says that music is mentioned

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.-The Chronicle neer of the coast, makes a statement of the intense suffering of his friend Colonel D. J. Williamson, an Army officer of distinction, and an Ex-U. S. Consul, who was attacked in the winter of 1861-2 with violent rheu-matism. So great was his agony in after years he became a helpless cripple, and after trying numberless remedies, the baths of other countries and spending a fortune of \$20,000, the disease seemed to assume a more virulent type. Finally, he was per-suaded to try St.Jacobs Oil, the great conqueror of pain. It worked a miracle of cure. In a letter to the Chronicle he confirms Captain Swasey's statement and adds:
"I cheerfully give my unqualified attestation to the truthfulness of the statemen because I feel perfectly certain that knowledge of my cure by St. Jacobs Oil will prove the means of relieving hundreds of sufferers."

A CONNECTICUT woman sent a feather cushion to cover a chair at Princeton College. She is the same woman who went into a crockery store to buy a plate for the front door of her son-in-law's new house.

—Burlington Free Press.

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